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THE MORALIST.

PULPIT ELOQUENCE.
Philosophy confines its views to this world principally. It endeavors to satisfy man with the grovelling joys of earth till he returns to that earth from which he was taken. Christianity takes a nobler flight.—Her course is directed towards immortality. Thither she conducts her votary, and never forsakes him, till having introduced him into the society of angels, she fixes his eternal residence among the spirits of the just. Philosophy can only leave a sigh, a longing sigh after immortality. Eternity is to her an unknown vast, in which she soars on conjecture's trembling wing.—Above—beneath—around—is an unfathomable void; and doubt, uncertainty, or despair, are the result of all her inquiries.—Christianity, on the other hand, having furnished all necessary information concerning life, with firm and undaunted step crosses death's narrow isthmus, and boldly launches forth into that dread futurity which borders on it. Her path is marked with glory. The once dark and dreary regions lightens as she approaches it, and benignly smiles as she passes over it. Faith follows where she advances, till reaching the summit of the everlasting hills, an unknown scene in endless varieties of loveliness and beauty presents itself, over which the ravished eye wanders without a cloud to dim, or a limit to obstruct its sight. In the midst of this scene, rendered luminous by the glory which covers it, the city—the palace—the throne of God appears. Trees of life wave their ambrosial tops around it; rivers of salvation issue from beneath it; before it angels touch their harps of living melody, and saints in sweet response breathe forth to the listening heavens their grateful songs. The breezes of paradise waft the symphony, and the pending sky directs it to the earth. The redeemed of the Lord catch the distant sound, and a sudden rapture. 'Tis the voice of departed friendship, the loss of which they mourned upon earth, but which they are now assured will be restored in the heavens, from whence a voice is heard to say, "fear not; death cannot injure you; the grave cannot confine you; through its chill mansion, grace will conduct you up to glory. We wait your arrival; haste therefore, come away."—Dr. Nott.

SWEARING.—Of all the crimes that ever disgraced society, that of swearing admits of the least palliation. Nothing can be offered to justify an impious oath; and yet it is the most common thing. Visit what class of people you may from the votaries of the midnight stew to the most elevated walk in life, you hear imprecations that would astound the ears of a stoic and wound the feelings of the least reflecting mind. No possible benefit can arise from profanity; nothing is held forth as a temptation to commit the act; nothing but the perverseness and depravity of human nature would have ever suggested such a crime as this; yet such is its prevalence, that by many it is mistaken for a fashionable acquirement, and considered as indicative of energy and decision of character. Fatal delusion! Reflect young man! Has not the same imposing mandate, which says, "Thou shalt not kill," said in terms as strong, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain?" Pause, then, before you suffer that dire oath again to pollute your lips, or before you have uttered the imprecation, an avenging God may call you to complete the sentence in another world!

Sorrow.—The sharpest and most melting sorrow is that which arises from the loss of those whom we have loved with tenderness. But Friendship between mortals can be contracted on no other terms, than that one must sometimes mourn for the other's death; and this grief will always yield to the survivor one consolation proportionate to his affliction: for the pain, whatever it be, that he himself feels his friend has escaped.

PARTING OF FRIENDS.—The parting of friends is death in miniature. You have not, it is true the glacial eye, the closed lip, the damp flesh, the marble countenance, the ghastly form, and the horrible repose of death; but you feel that which embleth death, the agony of separation. Yet we part with our friends daily, and there is something cheerfulness mingled with reluctance with which we take leave of each other. A slight glow on the cheek, a tremulous grasp of the hand, and a few sighs soon dissipate in the surrounding atmosphere, are the fleeting memorial of the severance of the living.

The hope that we will meet again, and the belief that we will meet again, and the confidence that heaven will continue to us its merciful protection; these are the consoling stamina of happiness. How wretched then must he be, who in death hath no hope because he hath no faith. Religion would, therefore, be a blessing, even if its promises failed in reality. A belief in the superintending goodness of the deity is a safe and delightful sustenance when the wisdom of the world fails, as it must and its promises die, and its beauty fades, and its hopes are wrecked and desolate.

A GOOD CONSCIENCE.
How sweet the slumbers of him who can lie down on his pillow and review the transactions of every day without condemning himself. A good conscience is the firmest opiate.—The *Materia Medica* cannot supply one half so efficacious and pleasant; and all the nabobs together if they were to unite their fortune in one general contribution could not purchase a similar one.

SELECT SENTENCES.
Industry is a very eminent virtue, being an ingredient, or the parent, of all other virtues, of constant use upon all occasions, and having influence upon all our affairs.
The surest way to make ourselves agreeable to others, is by seeming to think them so. If we appear fully sensible of their good qualities, they will not complain of the want of them in us. It is well that there is no one without a fault, for he would not have a friend in the world. He would seem to belong to a different species. Our friends are generally ready to do every thing for us, except the very thing we wish them

to do. There is one thing in particular they are always disposed to give us, and which we are as unwilling to take, namely, Advice.
A man may be very zealous for some appendages of religion, while extremely languid about religion itself.
A man may be a fool with wit, but never with judgment.

Dr. Franklin used to say, that rich widows were the only piece of second handed goods that sold at prime cost.
Attorneys are to lawyers, what apothecaries are to physicians, only they do not deal in scruples.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
It is now contended that we are bound to believe what we don't understand. Be it so: But what is to be done in regard to the heterogeneous combination of English words, which are absolutely unintelligible; and even in some cases where the phraseology comes within the limits of mortal ken, but the meaning is contradictory to common sense and every attribute of rationality? I could not readily persuade myself to give credit to the pretensions of a Priest, who would make people believe that the nature of bread and wine is essentially changed by what he calls a process of consecration. Neither can I believe readily, that three distinct and separate beings are one, and indivisible in form and substance.—Faith is good, when its object is to do the will of God, and to draw the soul into a participation of heavenly light and purity; but when its object is merely the subjugation of reason to the craft of designing men, it don't make the heart any better. When its object is to induce a belief in unintelligible dogmas, it prostrates the interests of the soul before the traditions and deceptions of impostors and hypocrites, who make a trade of religious speculation; and every branch of this traffic, whether it be by one plan or another, is teaching spirituals for temporal gain, and turning the concerns of the immortal soul into a channel of present profit, and personal aggrandizement. That there are mysteries in real religion is readily admitted: that is, there are many of its concomitants not at once comprehended, and some of them never comprehended at all, by the mere reason of man, but are fully revealed by the light of truth, which illuminates the understanding, and enlarges its capacity. But this don't take away the understanding, observe, for it improves it. Then whatever is thus revealed, we understand; and whatever is not so revealed, that is above our comprehension, we understand not. Though we may assent to truths on the credit of another, yet they are of no use to us, unless we know them to be truths for ourselves.

A CONFESSION OF CHRISTIAN FAITH.
Which was made at Constantinople, in the year 1854, by one who being complained of as a great heretic, gave this answer and reason of his faith, to some Latin and Greek Christians, as also to several Jews and Turks that were present.

We believe that there is One first of all things—which comprehends them all—which cannot be comprehended of any. That there is one Cause and one Essence of all things that have a being; one Supreme Good, which we call God—whom we know in this Mind, and honour in Speech: showing, by Goodness and well doing, that we are the Children of our Father, the Supreme Good.

We believe in one Jesus Christ, who is the Perfect Example and Pattern of the Children of God—whom we are to follow in patient Suffering of the Creature, and in Love to our Neighbour, and so become Temples of his Spirit—where the only Divine Worship which is acceptable to God, the highest God, is well doing.

We believe also in the Holy Ghost, when we feel the operative Power of this highest good in ourselves. We are all in the Communion of Christ, and they who enjoy this Communion, are born again into this Power, and thereby deified, being raised above Nature to a State of Incorruption and Immortality, and by this means become Instruments of the endless Glory of God.

Without holding these things none can have a true or right Faith.

QUESTION. Why were you born?
ANSWER. For God's good Will.
Q. For what end were you born?
A. For the Glory of God.
Q. What is your Religion?
A. Well doing.
Q. What is your Profession?
A. Our own Nothingness.
Q. What is your Comfort?
A. God's Almightiness.
Q. What is your Prayer?
A. To be resigned and Will-less.
Q. What is your life?
A. God's Goodness.
Q. What is your death?
A. A translation into the Glory of God.
Q. What do you hold amongst so many Religions as are in the world?
A. We believe of God in Goodness; we think of our Neighbour in Love, and meanly of ourselves.

Q. Are you Baptized?
A. Yes; and are willing to be Baptized.
Q. Where withal?
A. With water, with the moving of the Spirit of God drives from our hearts, through our eyes, and incorporates in his Love, at times, when it seems good unto him.

Q. Do you celebrate the Lord's Supper?
A. Yes; many times oft.
Q. In what Church? Communion?
A. In the Church of Communion of God.

Q. What do you hold of Christ's Body—what is his Flesh and Blood?
A. Christ's Flesh is a constant enduring Patience, and his Blood a Divine, operative, living Love; where this Flesh is possessed in patience, and where this Blood is in Love, there is the true Communion of the Body of Jesus Christ.

This suffering Flesh and this loving Blood of Christ, makes us Children of God, and by means thereof we have Communion with the Son of God—the substance and good Nature of God comes into us, and that cannot be without a Transubstantiation, or Change and Destruction of our Evil Nature.

Q. Have you no our Sacraments or Ceremonies that these?
A. The forementioned will very willingly Observe and Celebrate with you, if so it seem good unto you, and that other may be besides these, we will leave to yourselves for to avoid Disputes. A so I take my leave of you, London—Printed 1711.

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THE RUINS.—A FRAGMENT.

—She was yet young; her seventeenth year had scarcely passed by; and though the attention of some flattered her, as she respected their talents or admired their forms, yet it was long before she really felt that absorbing passion which we call love.—She had however, been visited with strange emotions since the first appearance of Edward; and when she remembered the expressions of his eyes, and the pleasing tone of his voice, she felt an indescribable sensation, such as youth loves to experience and old age to recollect. She would not admit even to her own bosom that he was more to her than any handsome young man would be, but some how or other, whenever he entered the room where she was, her cheek assumed a more rosy hue, and the fine flashing spirit that shone in her eye, grew more sparkling and more beautiful still.—The very attempts she sometimes made to conceal it, betrayed the secret, and it was easy for any observer to perceive that Edward was very often the subject of her thoughts, that her young affections were already beginning to cling to his manly form, and that her enthusiastic spirit was at last bound in those chains which gave to slavery a greater pleasure than ever freedom can boast.

It was a stormy night—the wind was whistling around the house, the hail often beat furiously against the windows, and the tempest without was raging with all those tumultuous sounds that give such a pleasing value to the warm shelter of a happy home. Caroline had retired to rest late in the evening, and the "balmy sleep" that lights only on "lids unsullied with a tear," soon found a resting place on hers. Her fancy, freed from every care, soon began to soar through the gay regions of imagination, and we must not be surprised to hear that it flew with instructive affection to hover around the form of Edward. It had not long, however, ranged in the novelty of its liberty, when her dreams became troubled.—Confused ideas of storm and death passed through her brain; a heavy hand seemed to press upon her breast. She was standing upon a high eminence, amidst rocks and craggy mountains, when the whole great mass tumbled with a tremendous crash into ruins, and in the effort to save herself, she awoke.

For an instant she thought her dream continued. A strange tumult roared round the house. The room was filled with smoke, and a light gleam shone under the door. It was not till she distinctly heard the cracking and burning timbers and the roar of flames, that the dreadful truth rushed upon her mind. She sprung from her bed hastily, and trembling put on a few clothes, and with the determination to rush out, opened the door. The light and heat that now burst upon her were so great, that she was compelled to retreat to the furthest corner of the room, and the sight that met her view almost distracted her. The beautiful arch ceiling and carved walls of her father's house were reddening and cracking in the furious blaze—the floor was burned through—the whole room seemed entirely surrounded with flames—timbers fell crashing into the room below; and sometimes a gust of wind would bear towards her thick volumes of smoke, that rolled like huge waves, wrapping every thing in their dark folds.

The frantic girl found it necessary to close the door to prevent her from being scorched to death. With some difficulty she accomplished this; and her next step was to open the window. Here she paused in mute astonishment at the sublime sight.—Thousands of people were standing below, on whose forms the light of the burning house fell so distinctly, that she could perceive the men engaged with the engine, some with trumpets shouting commands to their companies, others busily employed in carrying out the furniture, and many standing in inactive silence, watching the progress of the flames. She shrieked with all her might, but what was a woman's shriek amidst the mingled tumult of shouting men, crashing timbers and roaring fire! She could hardly hear herself. The room was heated, the door seemed fast burning away; she screamed until her voice was choked in convulsive efforts, and yet she was unheard. The engines played briskly below, and they alone would have drowned her feeble voice. She almost sickened with anxiety.—She looked upon the multitude who stood beneath her. Immediately around the house they were in bright light. The fire flung its lurid glare over the collected crowd, until far away the end was indistinct in the shadows of night, and nothing was observable but a dark mass that heaved like the billows of a stormy ocean.—Her voice had now become so hoarse that she could scarcely speak, but one idea glanced through her mind by which she might catch the attention of those beneath. She ran to her bed—with the strength of despair she dragged it to the window and pressed it through the unyielding aperture.—A cry arose as it darkened the light. Many thought it was a part of the wall tumbling from its height; but it fell harmless, and as it reached the ground every eye was turned to the spot from whence it came; the door of the room burst through at the instant, and Caroline stood lifted high amidst desolation. The blaze shone brightly upon her white garments, and many imagined she was actually in the midst of the flames, a buzz of horror murmured beneath—a bustle ran through the mighty mass—exclamations of dismay burst from every lip—and every one was anxious to preserve her.—Ladders were instantly raised, one seemed ready to rescue her, as she prepared to descend, when, with a cry of anguish, she perceived it was too short. The heat of the room became agonizing—the flames were fast proceeding towards her room—every hope was banished from her bosom—her cry grew wild—her senses began to forsake her—the dreadful prospect of burning to death—of being wrapped in the fierce bosom of the blaze—it was too much; any thing but that—she sprung upon the threshold of the window, with the desperate intention of springing from the dizzy height.

Her hands were raised; her white robe streaming in the wind; already was her foot flung back, and her position announced that she was prepared to go, when her quick ear caught the in bustle, the creaking of a step on the burning floor: it was a ray of hope piercing into the darkness of despair, and she paused to look: the figure of a man, blackened and scorched, appeared, almost enveloped in smoke and fire. Springing across a frightful chasm in the floor, he seized a blanket, wrapped her in its folds, and darted again like lightning through the crackling fire.—A loud shout from the crowd who saw her disappear in his arms told their interest: the flames soon curling around the very spot where a moment before the lovely girl stood—a death-like stillness pervaded the scene without—except as they saw a figure with something past a window one story lower than the chamber of Caroline—then indeed a tumultuous exclamation arose; but it was anxious, doubtful, and soon hushed down, and all again still. Every eye was turned on the door every bosom beat with hopes

and fear, and an instant clapped, a brick fell, another, and several more, and a large piece of flaming timber came crashing to the ground.—Hope almost vanished for those within, for the greater part of the chimney thundered from the top, and the whole building tottered and shook, and seemed gradually sinking into ruin, when he appeared at the door, staggering and blackened, yet holding in his arms the being he had preserved. With one convulsive spring he leaped from the floor, a single moment of silence followed, and the next the thundering noise of the building that crashed amidst fire and smoke to the ground was almost lost in the long shout that rung on the rent air of that night and seemed to shake the earth to the very centre.

So mighty was the exclamation, that it awakened the suspended senses of Caroline. She started from the arms of her deliverer, and was darting wildly away, when his features arrested her attention. She fixed her gaze upon him and stood a moment with delirium in every action. Her silence was broken by his voice "Caroline." At the sound, the fierce frenzy of her looks abated, her eyes softened and filled with tears; she gave a faint shriek; the name of "Edward" burst from her quivering lips, and she sunk overwhelmed upon his bosom.

COLLECTANEA.

A Tiger.—In 1812, a party of the British Naval and Military officers were dining in a jungle at some distance from Madras, when a ferocious Tiger rushed in among them, seized a young midshipman, and threw him across his back. In the first emotions of terror, the other officers had all snatched up their side arms, and retired some paces from their assailant, who stood lashing his sides with his tail, as if he doubted whether he should seize more prey, or retire with that which he had already secured. They knew that it was usual with the Tiger, before he seized his prey, to deprive it of life by a pat on the head, which generally breaks the skull; but this is not his invariable practice. The little midshipman lay motionless on the back of his enemy; but yet the officers who were uncertain whether he had received the mortal blow or not, were afraid to fire lest they should kill him, together with the Tiger.—While in this state of suspense, they perceived the hand of the young gentleman move over the side of the animal, and thinking the motion, to result from the convulsions of death, they were about to fire, when, to their utter astonishment, the Tiger suddenly dropped stone dead, and their young friend sprung from the carcass, waving in triumph a bloody dark drawn from the heart, for which he had been feeling with the utmost coolness and circumspection, when the motion of his hand had been taken for a dying spasm.

THE BAMBOO.

The various uses to which the elegant species of reed, called the bamboo is applied by the Chinese, would excite astonishment in an American mechanic. Their chairs, their tables, screens, beds, and bedding, with many other household moveables, are entirely constructed of this hollow reed. It is used on board ship, for sails, for cables, for rigging, and for caulking. In husbandry, it serves as a material for carts, wheelbarrows, for wheels to raise water, for fences, for racks to hold grain, and a variety of other purposes.—The shoots furnish an article of food, and the wicks of candles are made of its fibres. It serves to embellish the garden of the prince, and to cover the cottage of the peasant. Indeed there are few uses to which the ingenuity of the Chinese, have not applied the bamboo, either entire, or split in thin laths, or divided into fibres.

MAGNANIMOUS BANBIT.

The leader of a gang of banditti in Corsica, who had long been famous for his exploits, was at length taken, and committed to the care of a soldier, from whom he contrived to escape. The soldier was condemned to death. At the place of execution, a man coming up to the commanding officer, said, "Sir, I am a stranger to you, but you shall soon know who I am. I have heard that one of your soldiers is to die for having suffered a prisoner to escape. He was not at all to blame; besides, the prisoner shall be restored to you. Behold him here! I am the man. I cannot bear that an innocent man should be punished for me, and I have come to die myself, lead me to execution." "No!" exclaimed the French officer, who felt the sublimity of the action as he ought; "thou shalt not die; and the soldier shall be set at liberty. Endeavour to reap the fruits of thy generosity. Thou deservest to be henceforth an honest man."

GEORGE THE FOURTH.

The longest personal favourite whom the King has ever kept is Du Paquet, his dresser and chief valet. He is a Frenchman of the old school, and enjoys the unbounded confidence of his royal master. He is his caterer of small news, and of the chit-chat out of doors, and within the precincts of the palace. At the same time it is just to add, that he has never been charged with abusing a station, which in courts has often been the means of promoting dangerous intrigues.

The next domestic favourite is Wilmet, the chief cook, also a Frenchman, but familiarly called Jack Hammond (why, I know not); but in a luxurious court, a chief cook, is a man who must be as often consulted as a minister of state.

Another royal favourite, and perhaps more harmless, is Nap the poodle dog, who was taken with Napoleon's carriage, and was for many years the intelligent travelling companion of that great man. Nap now travels with his old master's more fortunate rival, to whom he is not less faithful, and whom he amuses by his numerous tricks and uncommon sagacity.

KOSCUISKO.

The hero of Poland once wished to send some bottles of good wine to a clergyman of Solothurn, and as he hesitated to trust them by his servant lest he should smuggle a part, he gave the commission to a young man of the name of Zeltner, and desired him to take the horse which he himself usually rode. On his return, young Zeltner said that he never would ride his horse again, unless he gave him his purse at the same time.—Kosciusko inquired what he meant, he answered, "As soon as a poor man on the road takes off his hat and asks charity, the horse immediately stands still, and will not stir till something is given to the petitioner; and as I had no money about me, I was obliged to give something, in order to satisfy the horse."

It has been supposed that the mode of salutation by taking off the hat, is a remnant of ancient chivalry. The Knights, in passing each other would raise the visors of their helmets, which so completely covered their faces, that otherwise they would remain unknown to each other.

Congregation of St. ... the vacant lot ... and Walnut street ... to erect a splendid ...
 Press says, that Roman ... resigning the office of ... in intervals, he has ... towards of 12 years.
 and Doctors were first ... 13 or 14 months ... in Lower New York ... could be spared, but ... and their patients, ... imprisonment for debt ... of the 9th inst.
 of the Small Pox ... health have resolved ... throughout the city.
 was lately married ... to a pair ... whom they attended the ... to carry magnifying ... there was a lady con ... whom a lame faced up ... the 23d ult in the ... at New York. The ... had passed the 5th ... of Representatives ... the passage of the bill ... ture to incorporate the ... capital of \$4,000,000 ... of the state of New ... has passed a resolu ... tion from the office of ... Commissioners. It is said ... the first progenitors of ... the prime of his life, has ... way of salary or other ...
 atas, captain Grosvont ... was lost on Sunday ... (England) The vessel ... tology. The vessel wa ... of, excepting 29 purcha ... were saved, except the ...
 dy at St. Petersburg ... friend in Baltimore ... arrived from Vienna br ... Maria-Lotia's marri ... Chamberlain the Com ... ssioned man, who has ... military service."
 Attorney "general of ... stance of a resolution ... him to report when ... river was free to ... whom she took out a ... reported, that the la ... in the Court grant the ... proposes to run brats ...
 of Charleston last ... of March arrives there ... that city, and an ... of the u ...
 month of February ... ed in the city of Me ... having quarrell ... bigger into the ocean ... of constant and burie ... say. Both fell dead ...
 both of the hundred ... of two streets and ... the length of the ma ... private houses, &c. not ... of this gas con ... 6000 children of coal ...
 An English paper says ... ers and Son's cutlery ... are twelve par ... manufactured; they ... workmanship, and an ... one eighth of an inch ... not weigh one grain ...
 of the New York ... abolish imprisonment ... ew York, by extend ... the Island as a line ... from Love Lane ...
 questioner performed ... the packet ship "New ... Beach, on her way ... ew York, and had w ... Mrs. Lalla Rookh, wh ... when in February las ... deck when the be ... up of 18 or 20 feet ... escaped in safety.
 is Commonwealth has ... 20,000, to the state ... red head canvas fa ... iron. It is believed ... in that water.
 1737 and 1819, the ... is to the amount of ... These lands were ... at a low rate, for ... religious purposes and ... United States and ... and first quarter of ... 700.
 estion, during the ... 18 lands owned; 12 ... 2000 and 540 bags re ... of Jesse Haskins, w ... the crime of horse ... Carolina, and the ... The Court, howe ... could no longer ... and suspended the ... ses, the Greek boy ... and has been recei ... his Academy.
 HUNDRED new Post ... since the first of ...
 Alexander Dalbridge ... N. Y. was lately ... N.'s children, in ... the flames.
 while two laborer ... of Tonawanda cree ... a tree which was ... blown down, and h ...
 the Election for ... and Senators, of ... place on Monday ... day received, it is ... re-elected Gov ... election for Gov ... took place in ... ark. OLIVER W ... DAVID PLANT L ... without any seri ...
 mour, on the 20th ... N. S. Bower and ... John Housatonic ... his death in a fe ...
 nry, Pierall, from ... based on "Virada ... wind. Two of the ... sloop Margaret ...

was, was lively engaged; but by the address and intrepidity which he displayed upon the occasion, he was able to keep them at bay. In the mean time the alarm was given, and Mr. Peter Hootme, keeper of the women at work on the mill up stairs, was on the spot in an instant, and succeeded in separating Mr. Neilson from his formidable antagonist, and was so fortunate as to be able to shut the door. Mr. Hologland, the Superintendent, with three of his assistants, immediately ran from the penitentiary to the scene of action, (a distance of about 50 yards:) but, although they exerted their utmost speed the riot was in a great measure suppressed before they arrived there, as the rioters were, by that time, locked up.

The Pirates.—The Circuit Court of the United States sitting in New York, has adjourned over until next week, in order to hold a Circuit in Connecticut. The Grand Jury of this court last week found three bills against Thomas Jones, alias John Robinson, a colored man, for the murder of the captain and mate of the brig *Holkar*, and running away with the vessel, in 1819. The grand jury have also found another bill against Perez, the pirate. The three pirates who arrived in the *Oswego*, will probably be tried during the same term of the court, if the testimony of their guilt be at hand.

The three Pirates, Antonio Salaza, Juan Gonzales, and Antonio, who rose on the brig *Edwards* off Cape Three Points, in April last, murdered and threw overboard the Captain, John M. Jubin, of New York, robbed and scuttled the vessel, and who afterwards landed at Axim, and proceeded to Apollonia, were apprehended at the latter place by H. B. M. ship Cyrene, Capt. Grace, and conveyed to the Cape de Verds, and delivered over to the American Consul. They were brought to New York in chains, in the brig *Oswego*, and were taken into custody of the civil authority on Saturday afternoon.

Capt. Simeon Metcalf, of Middletown, Conn., commander of the late privateer *Haltimore*, alias *Arragona*, wrecked on the coast of Brazil in April 1820, arrived at Port Praya in the Portuguese frigate *Venus*, from Lisbon, on the 27th Nov. last, and without being allowed to communicate with the shore, was sent off to Bissau, with two of his late crew, where they remain in chains, and are thence to be transported to Cacieu for life.

No accounting for taste.—John McCurdy (says the New-York National Advocate,) presented himself to the Police, demanding to be sent to the penitentiary. He had done nothing to entitle him to that distinction, but he had just been released from the same place, and finding that he could not obtain work, and being unwilling to steal, he desired to be sent back. "Why don't you go to the poor house?" said the magistrate. "Because, my wife, is there," said the man, and I have acquaintances at the Penitentiary, and prefer going there. He was adjudged as disorderly, and gratified by a commitment for the term of 6 months. There is no accounting for taste in these times.

Flying by Steam.—The inventor of the Capillary Steam Engine, for navigating the air, is said to have so far succeeded as to exhibit it complete to the astonished citizens of Lexington, (Ky.) But, greatly to their disappointment, and no less so to that of the intrepid inventor, on making the first trial to "float in the air, the machine obstinately refused to give up its hold to the earth." Nothing dismayed at this unlooked for accident, the projector is still said to be confident of succeeding in "soaring as high as the eagles" by the aid of his newly invented engine.

From the reports of the commissioners of the General Land Office, it appears, that the sum total of public land surveyed is 110,058,498 acres, of which 27,492,261 acres, have been sold, and 82,595,737 remain unsold. At the minimum price fixed by Congress, these lands will produce nearly two thirds more than the whole amount of our national debt, and the quantity already in market shews that it needs no addition, either from Indian purchases, or surveys run through a wilderness.

Witherford, the Prophet, died near Montpellier in the state of Alabama, on the 9th March last.—This celebrated Indian warlike, led the hostile Indians to the attack upon Fort Mims, in 1813, which resulted in the massacre of nearly four hundred men, women and children; and afterwards voluntarily and dauntlessly flung himself into the hands of General Jackson, and demanded his protection.

A man named David D. How, was executed on the 19th of March, at Angelica, N. York, for the murder of Othello Church. Immediately after his conviction he acknowledged his guilt, but declared, that he was tempted and aggravated to the crime by insult. He had for some time contemplated the deed, and on the 19th of December, he went to the house of Church. He hesitated before he knocked at the door, and stated the remainder of the scene in the following language:—"My heart trembled at the thought of an act so desperate, and every vibration of my soul seemed sinking beneath the horrors of the scene. I shuddered at the very noise I made and was on the point of retiring, when his wife I think, awoke him, and he exclaimed "Who is there?" I endeavored to alter my voice and answered, "I have a letter for you?" he then said "walk in," I answered, "Have the goodness to open the door and take it." He arose and as he opened the door, as soon as I saw the appearance of his white shirt, I shot at venture; I took no sight, and had the gun by my side, and I think the muzzle was not more than three or four feet from him. I heard him exclaim, "Oh! my God! my God."

It is calculated that from five to seven thousand persons witnessed his execution.

Captain Clark, at New Bedford, from the *Cofin* of Japan, states, that Captain Frederick Collins (formerly of Nantucket) of the English ship *Syren*, while off the Pelew Island, about the last of March 1823, getting refreshments, suffered about twenty of the natives to be on board his ship just as he had failed away to leave the coast—the natives rose upon him, killed two men, wounded the captain, mate, and boat steerer, and several of his people. The crew being so suddenly attacked fled to the shrouds; they then rallied and succeeded in clearing the deck. He finally got off after having had his mizen shrouds cut away, and other damage done to his rigging. The natives seized the whole party, broke off the hands of the *Captain* gave them a very powerful missile weapon. Capt. Ciffin stated that the cook defended his *cabin* alone, and drove off every attack with boiling water.

The Mails in Alabama have been greatly interrupted by the heavy falls of rain, and consequent freshets in the creeks and rivers. The Post Master at Nashville, (Tenn.) writes to the Post Master General under the date of March 22, that the Georgia Mail due that day was lost. The rider arrived in due time and states, that in crossing the Chattahoochee river, in the Cherokee Nation the ferry-hed was beat down by the current, and the horse and mail knocked overboard by the limbs of trees. The straps being broken by the limbs, the mail sunk before it could be recovered. The river was remarkably high, and the carrier thinks the mail may be found where it was left. He imputes this accident entirely to the ignorance of the Indians who keep the ferry who had no oars to their boat, and attempted to bring it over with poles, as at low water; the consequence was, that when they got into the

Thursday night between eight and nine o'clock, a fire broke out, among some hay, in the cellar of Mr. Leadbeater's house, in Walnut street, between Third and Fourth streets. A son of Mr. Leadbeater's, and a young man in his employ, entered the cellar at the risk of suffocation, while others were employed in cutting a hole through the floor above. When this opening was made, the smoke was introduced through it, by the aid of which the young men were enabled promptly to extinguish the fire, and thus prevent a destruction of property which would otherwise have been inevitable.

In the year 1805 the Free School Society of the city of New York was incorporated; it is formed of all religious denominations, and of every class of politicians. Through the aid of the state, and private contributions, it has gone on successfully until the present day, and the Society now boasts of having ten boys' and girls' schools daily open, and educating between four and five thousand our children.

Our citizens may expect to be gratified in a few days, with an opportunity of witnessing the combined talents of COOPER and COXWAY, who reengaged to perform together on the Cuesnet street boards.

We understand the Tivoli Garden and Theatre has been recently taken by an enterprising citizen, and will shortly open under the management of Mr. FORTEN. Several improvements are now making. A pit will be erected for the accommodation of the audience. The scenery is entirely new; and several performers of merit are already engaged.

On passing this probationary life, as we trust, for the Elysium of celestial repose, on Friday last, 2d inst., THOMAS JACKSON, Junr, son of Mr. Thomas Jackson, late grocer, of this city, in the 19th year of his age.

It is not our design to enter into a prolix detail of the virtuous qualities which embellished the character of this youth, and elicited the admiration and esteem of his numerous friends and acquaintances. For these, the recollection of his amiable deportment, his peace-making disposition, and his care to avoid injuring either the character or feelings of others, will do more than the most elaborate newspaper eulogium; and while they cannot but mourn the loss they have sustained by this bereavement, they are consoled by the hope, that their loss has been his eternal gain.

Why should we mourn departed friends,
Or shake at death's alarms,
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms!

For some time previous to his death, he had conceived a particular fondness for sacred music, in which he made an extraordinary proficiency; so that, at the organization of the Stanley Harmonic Society, in April 1823, his skill in this science made him the choice of the Society, for their Leader, in which office he served without receiving any remuneration, until the commencement of the illness which terminated his life, with a regularity and interest, highly satisfactory.

MARINE INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVALS.

April 11. Brigs Cato, Duany, 19 days from Alameda, with Specie and Cocchineal; Ann, Mierck, 11 days from Havana, Sugar, Coffee, &c.; Pilot, Wing, 16 days from Trinidad de Cuba, Sugar and Coffee, &c.

13. Sh. p. McConinghan, Swift, Antwerp, Merchandise; Brigs Delight, Connelman, 16 days from New Orleans, Cotton, Tobacco, &c.; Victory, Colman, 23 days from Pernambuco, Cotton, Coffee, &c.; Ensign, Downy, 17 days from St. Jago de Cuba, Coffee, Hides, &c.

15. Brigs Mary, Brown, 28 days from Lamerin, with Coffee, &c.; Ann, Forten, Shanghai, 17 days from St. Croix, Sugar, &c.; Ensign, Downy, 17 days from St. Jago de Cuba, Coffee, Hides, &c.

CLEARED.

April 10. Brigs Perseus, from St. Jago de Cuba, to Eura, Hutchinson, Trinidad de Cuba; Mary Ann, Walker, St. Thomas; Sebr. Fiza Jane Harrison, Havana.

14. Ship Telegraph, Berry, Liverpool; brigs Stephen Gard, from Trinidad de Cuba, to New York; and

15. Sch. Unionville, Warner, St. Domingo.

MARRIED.

On Thursday evening, the 13th inst. Mr. W. Knave land, Mr. HENRY DUBOIS, to Miss ANN LOCKWOOD, all of this city.

On Wednesday evening, the 14th inst. by the Rev. William E. Ashton, the Rev. SAMUEL H. GREEN, to Miss JEMIMA DAIKZEY, daughter of the Rev. Elipha Daizey, both of this city.

On Saturday evening, the 16th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Ely, Mr. CHARLES C. BECKEL, to Miss LUCY M. ALLCHIN, all of this city.

On the 8th inst. by Eder F. Pimmer, Mr. CHARLES MANDEFELD, to Miss ANN MADEIRA, all of this city.

On the 5th inst. at College Hill, D. C. by the Rev. Mr. Rice, Dr. JOHN L. FEMPLE, of Hanover County, Va. to Miss ELIZABETH ANN, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Staughton, President of the Columbian College.

On the evening of the 13th inst. by Jacob Cortes, Esq. of Franklin, JOSEPH H. ANSCIVER, to Miss MARY ANN CHAMBERLIN, both of the County of Philadelphia.

DIED.

On Wednesday morning, the 14th inst. Mrs. MARY WARWICK, wife of Mr. Samuel E. Warwick, aged 31.

On Wednesday morning, the 14th inst. BENJAMIN SANFORD, Esq. in the 56th year of his age.

On Monday morning, the 12th inst. aged 73, THOMAS DAVIS, long a respectable citizen of Philadelphia.

On Monday, the 12th inst. Mrs. ANN M. wife of Alexander Dupuis, merchant, of this city, aged 25.

On Monday morning, the 14th inst. in the 35th year of his age, Mr. JOSEPH DIXON.

On Wednesday afternoon in the 27th year of her age, Mrs. ANN, consort of Mr. John Owen.

On the 17th inst. at New Albany, Indiana, of a lingering illness, Mr. JOSIAH STARKEY, late merchant of Philadelphia.

On Wednesday morning, the 14th inst. in the 25th year of his age, Mr. WILLIAM ANSCIVER.

On Thursday, the 15th inst. in the 24th year of his age, WILLIAM CUMINS, of a short illness.

On Tuesday, the 13th inst. at Baltimore, ELLEN SOLOMON, Est. Daniel M. man of very promising talents.

On Friday morning, the 16th inst. in the 46th year of her age, Mrs. ANN FULTON, wife of Mr. George Fulton.

On Monday evening, the 13th inst. aged 41 years, Mr. BENJAMIN ZEIGLER, House Carpenter.

On the 12th inst. in the 73d year, THOMAS DAVIS, long a respectable citizen of Philadelphia.

On Saturday evening, the 12th inst. at Germantown, very suddenly, WILLIAM B. LEINKE.

On the 11th inst. Mrs. MARY ELIZABETH TRUMP, widow of Daniel Trump, aged 61.

On Saturday evening, the 10th inst. in the 26th year of his age, JOSEPH COSTON.

On Monday evening, the 13th inst. Mrs. JANE FEENEY, aged 39, wife of Patrick Feeney.

On Saturday morning, the 12th inst. Mrs. ELIZABETH YARD, wife of James Yard, Esq. aged 39.

On the 29th inst. at Tremont, N. J. MARGARET, daughter of the late Samuel M. Mott, of this city, in the 10th year of her age.

On Tuesday morning, the 13th inst. of a lingering illness, PATRICK DUFFY, son of Mr. Philip Duffy, aged 17.

On the 9th inst. Mrs. SARAH ANN, wife of Leonard Kittinger, aged a long illness, in the 35th year of her age.

On Saturday morning, the 16th inst. in the 30th year of his age, Mr. GEORGE GILMER.

Departed this life, yesterday morning, after a lingering illness, JOHN M. BODDY. His friends and acquaintances are particularly requested to attend his funeral, from the late dwelling, in Eleventh, near Vine street, on Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock.

RED MEN.—You are particularly requested to meet at the Wigwam of Brother Hickory Sapha, sign of Gen. Jackson, in Race near Second streets, at half past two o'clock, on Sunday afternoon, from thence to proceed to attend the funeral of our late Brother Badger.

Deaths during the past week.

	ADULTS.	CHILD.	TOTAL.
In Philadelphia,	52	55	107
In New-York,	53	47	100
In Baltimore,	8	17	25

The deaths in this city last week were 107; among which were, 15 by consumption, 14 typhus fever, and 7 small pox.

BENJAMIN DAFFIN, Razor Manufacturer and Cutler
No. 40 North Third street, a few doors below Arch, Cutler of enormous length and variety of this city.

